PS 1564
.D7
1887
Copy 1

IS RIGHT—BY LAW,

BUT

"LABOR CONQUERS EVERYTHING."

BY

HENRY HORTON.

LYNN, MASS.:
PRESS OF THOS. P. NICHOLS. 24 MARKET ST.
1887.

MIGHT IS RIGHT—BY LAW,

BUT

"LABOR CONQUERS EVERYTHING."

BY

HENRY HORTON.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
COPYRIGHT
APR 6 1887
6784
CITY OF WASHINGTON

LYNN, MASS
PRESS OF THOS. P. NICHOLS, 24 MARKET ST.
1887.

PS1564
.D7
1887

Copyright, 1887,
By Henry Horton.

MIGHT IS RIGHT BY LAW,

BUT

"LABOR CONQUERS EVERYTHING."

PART FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

The hardships and wrongs of laboring men.—An appeal to the Goddess of Liberty in their behalf.—Her views on the Labor Question.—Seizure of God's soil by bold, unscrupulous men, who forced the modest men to toil while they appropriated the fruits thereof.—Might is Right by Law.—The sufferings of serfs and slaves.—The divine right of kings.—The nobility and the priesthood.—The Champion of Freedom.

Of honest, sturdy men, condemned to toil
As artisans and tillers of the soil,
To thee their cause I supplicating bring,
O Muse; in their behalf I pray thee sing;
Sing of the hardships still endured by man,
Inflicted on him when his fellow can.
Who gave to man the right to hold the soil,
And on it force his brother man to toil,
Without the power to say what he shall get

As recompense for grimy moil, and sweat?
How can he best his labor disenthral
From power of those who 'd drive him to the wall?
Invited thus, my willing Muse replied:
My sympathy is for the toiler's side,
And what I have to say of them to you,
Or of the other side, though hard, is true;
And though the language used may not be fine,
The sentiments herein expressed are mine.
My text will be, that "Might is Right by Law,"
(And has been since man first the statutes saw.)
But "Labor Conquers Everything," they say,
And let us hope, for man's sake, that it may.
Now, I shall not discourse alone to you,
Of man's, but of the wrongs of woman, too;
But first I 'll take the subjects by reflex,
And pen the hardships of the sterner sex,
And hope to make the points I take in hand
So plain, that he who reads may understand.
When God made men, he made some small, some great,
With heads in size from number six to eight.
Big heads gave most of brain, small most of brawn,
And meant that brawny men should toil upon
The land, ('t is claimed,) and heads the size of eight,
Should have and hold, and manage the estate.
(A good idea, no doubt, if men would do
Just what is right, and be to conscience true.)

So these bold men seized and enclosed God's soil,
And 'mongst themselves apportioned off the spoil;
And then these schemers set their wits to work,
To see how easiest they might labor shirk,
Regardless that an edict stern was writ,
By sweat of brow (I give the gist of it)
Mankind shall earn their bread, the mandate ran,
Which seems should be applied to every man.
The calculating men then formed a "ring,"
And made a *man* among their number King.
They talked it over then, the way they saw,
And in "the council," Might made Right by law.
(Now, I believe in law, for law is right,
So long as mortal man will filch and fight.
The kind of law we want, and vainly seek
Though, is the law that will protect the weak.
I make this statement, as it might appear
That I at law may seem inclined to sneer.)
The King was made by them a Sovereign grand,
And held dominion over all the land.
He made his wife a Queen, his son a Prince,
His daughter he a Princess made, and since
That time they 've kept the blood within the line,
And claimed to rule the land by "right divine."
And if what 's said of King the First, is true,
He even changed the blood and made it "blue."
These bold men then forced timid men to toil

On what had been by right the People's soil;
They made them delve and moil from morn till night,
And for their labor gave to them a mite
Of corn, enough that they might labor more,
And fill with wheat and gold the master's store.
They raised the beef, the wool, flax, silk, and wine,
To feed and clothe and cheer the form divine;
But of their handiwork got scarce enough
To hide their nakedness, of coarsest stuff.
They reared The Seven Wonders of the World,
Set kings on thrones, or down therefrom, them hurled;
Theirs were the hands that raised the massive walls,
Where kings held revels in the sumptuous halls.
They built the gorgeous temples where the priests
Incanted, and held sacrificial (?) feasts.
And thus the modest men toiled on as slaves,
And from the scourge found rest but in their graves;
And that they might the easier keep them down,
The slave's inquiry met the master's frown;
And did some restive mind for knowledge yearn.
The law of equity he must not learn,
Except as taught by him who read the law
Designed to fill his and the master's maw;
Who anxious were to have him learn the way
To saint be, on "The Resurrection Day,"
And promised him a blissful future life
To reconcile him to this one of strife.

Then men, called Feudal Barons, strove for gain,
(Led by a chief they named a Suzerain,)
Displaced the king, and with a grasping hand
Ruled all the men beneath them in the land.
Then came a Suzerain, who claimed to be
O'er these supreme in his authority;
And then the churchmen made the welkin ring,
And cried, both high and low, "Long live the King."
Then kings sprang up, and each to hold his own,
Had what is called a power behind the throne —
Who, though his acts were often sinister,
Was given title of Prime Minister;
And when the King was but "a figure head,"
Oft plotted for his overthrow, 'tis said.
But when "The king was every inch a king,"
His subjects, zealous, in his praise would sing,
Whenever he appeared in public hall,
Or in procession, at the festival,
Or at the head of army grand which they
Must ever have, who of the land hold sway.
The King, to hold the brainy men's support,
Created what he called a Royal Court;
He made a man of flesh and blood a Duke,
For aught we know he might have been a cook;
A Marquis next he made by stroke of pen —
'T is hard to say what this man may have been;
Another by this necromancer's word,

Was made an Earl, and all were called "Milord."
These men composed the Sovereign's retinue,
And dressed in silk or satin red, or blue,
Or green. The King in royal purple clad
Was, he the only one this color had
The right to wear. In broadcloth Viscounts swelled,
And Barons, who the royal patent held.
Brave men were some of these, and at the front
Were found in battle, and first in the hunt.
The King and Noble kept a royal stud,
In which were horses of the finest blood;
And when upon the hunt, or in the war,
They showed their keeping, and what they were for.
When off for war against a neighboring State,
Or condescending to attend the féte.
The King bestrode a steed bedecked with gold,
Or in a golden chariot lolling rolled,
(Made by the skillful hands of artisans,
Who furnished both material and plans,
And for their splendid workmanship received
So meagre pay as scarce would be believed.)
This Coach of State, upholstered rich and fine,
Was, when it moved between a guard in line
Drawn by fine horses, six or eight, or ten,
In twos abreast, led by his serving men.
He wore a golden crown upon his head,
Around his shoulders fell a mantle red;

The crown was made of gold and precious stones,
(Such as but Royalty can boast it owns),
Dug from the mines by slaves who saw the light
So seldom, that 't was painful to their sight.
His mantle made of satin, ermine-lined,
Was woven by the wife of some poor hind
Who roamed the woods and shot the weasel rare,
Which yielded to the King the precious hair.
These serfs, producing fortunes in a day,
Went supperless to bed, and shivering lay,
While rioted the King on costliest wine,
The rarest game, the choicest, sleekest kine.
He took the common people from the plough,
He armed them with the gun, the spear, the bow,
And sent them out to fight men of the king
Who was the leader of another "ring,"
To battle and to spill each other's blood
(For civilization, so 't was understood).
His object was to broaden his domain,
And so more power and wealth and subjects gain,
And for the Church, as well as for the State,
The benefits accrued, or small, or great,
While trusting subjects, simple, guileless elves,
For King and Priest made martyrs of themselves.
So men have fought, and delved, and suffered on,
And for the tyrants, honor, riches, won;
Upheld their blood-red banners, right or wrong,

And of their blood-bought victories told in song;
Enamored by the pomp of glorious war,
They marched to fight, but what they knew not for.
(False education makes the rich and poor
For Church and State toil, suffering, death endure,
And fight for country with a patriot's zest,
Nursed from the queen or peasant mother's breast;
While fealty with as bright and fervid flame
Burns in the breast of high or low-born dame,
For kings, who war for conquest, as in breast
Of matron of the Eden of the West.
A subtle power this is all must agree,
Known by the gentle name of Loyalty;
And may men, though they ne'er for conquest fight,
By arms if need be, e'er maintain the right.)
And still men delved for Royalty, and fought
And took as recompense just what they got,
When came a change — *some* old things passed away,
And slaves that were, as freemen toiled for pay.
But still the King and Nabob held the land,
And so the product of the toiler's hand
Controlled, and that the King might live in state
Befitting such a personage so great,
And keep his house in meat, and wine, and sport,
To feed his household, and to feast his court,
To recreate himself, and priest, and peer,
He kept a private park well stocked with deer,

And hares, and pheasants, partridges and quail,
And when he chose to hunt he could not fail,
To have his saddle-bags well filled with game
For they were purposely kept sleek and tame;
And woe to peasant boy who dare approach
"The park" to shoot (they call it there to poach).
He soon found out that God made game for kings,
And not for peasants, fellows, nor for things.
Then laid he taxes on the wants of life,
(The King is meant), and so kept up the strife;
And then the Nabob, to increase his store,
And make it more, and more, and more, and more,
Began to grind the scant paid laborer down,
With hearty approbation of the Crown,
And year by year to off his table take
The meat he needed, and the bread he brake.
The Church, though its sleek idlers to support,
Had set a bad example to the Court,
By laying tithes upon the wheat and kine,
This claiming like the State by right divine;
And so between the mighty Church and State,
Destruction seemed to be the poor man's fate,
When sprang a Champion to defend their cause,
And claim for them the right to help make laws.
The King, the Nabob, and the Priest, aghast
Gazed at the churl, who such a favor asked;
But still he persevered and struggled on,

And saw at last the day of victory dawn,
When man could use the right no man should give,
(As much an inborn right, as right to live)—
The right of suffrage and to own the soil,
And reap himself the benefit of toil.

PART SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Dawn of Liberty in America. — Revolution. — True Democracy. Equal rights to all. — The evils of intemperance. — The keen and sharp men. — The woman question; her tribulations; "Give her a man's pay for a man's work," and the right to vote. — Unhealthy competition.

When we commenced our theme our scope was broad,
Embracing all bestowed on man (by God)—
Of earth, the right to life and liberty,
And pleasure, as 't would seem 't were meant to be;
But of things as they are we have discussed,
And so until the millennium comes men must,
If they would have what to mankind belongs,
And right by moral force the meek men's wrongs.
Where Kings rule, though, t' were nigh a hopeless task,
For men to get what they in justice ask;
And so while we forget them not, let 's go
Where men, in rank, are equal, high or low;
For not in the Old World, but in the New,
The seed of Liberty implanted grew,
Sown by a sturdy band who crossed the sea,
Resolved from kingly tyrants to be free;

And there The People's Champion penned the plan
Which told to all the world "The Rights of Man,"
Through war of Revolution, though the fight
Was fought, and God it seems was with the right.
And then the right, old as the earth or heaven,
Bestowed on man, to exercise was given.
White men, though, only got this right of will,
Black men were there held down in slavery still.
But all are free now, so we'll talk of right
Of black men to God's bounty, and of white.
For here as there, bold men enclosed the land,
And what they could got of the laborer's hand.
Then liberal men, and those who pinched to save —
The first good, and the last hard bargains drave,
And got "quite well-to-do," the first; the last
(The most of them) were with the failures classed.
For by the figuring men — the men of brawn —
As freemen were still kept at work upon
The land, (no use for brain, some men of toil,
Though requisite in them to till the soil),
While others were employed in various arts,
With no ambitious motives in their hearts,
And wrought with dexterous skill and cunning hand
To meet the wants necessities demand;
While those with active minds observant thought
How to improve the articles they wrought,
And got rewarded for inventive skill,

As man who new ideas produces will,
If he can keep his knowledge to himself,
Against the idea-pirates, who by pelf
Subsist; who have no ideas of their own,
But steal them as a dog would steal a bone,
And having boldness, "brass" 't were, so to speak,
Get riches which is all of earth they seek.
Then commerce grew, and men of progress thrived:
Men delved, men dug, men toiled, men wrought, men
wived.
The brainy men the fruits of men of brawn
Exchanged, and everything went briskly on.
The laborer got his pay as was agreed,
Between him and, or by "The Boss" decreed.
And then the old-time fiend, King Barleycorn,
Got down to work, and vice and misery were born,
And heartless souls possessed with love for gain
Robbed men of money, and befogged their brain.
Men used their substance, and consumed their days
In idle, maudlin, and in drunken ways.
And then the keen men, who had merchandise to sell,
The situation saw, and made it tell;
For when the shiftless men had had their sport,
And found their pockets and their larders short,
Went round to them and humbly begged for work,
The keen and sharp men, noting, cringe and smirk,
Said, with a whine, as only such can say,

"We can't afford to market prices pay,
For labor, to you men who shiftless are —
We'd rather have the steady men by far."
So these poor fools, without a crust of bread
For crying children, and with aching head,
Were forced to take what they from them could get,
For they had run with Nature into debt.
The sharpers then said to industrious men,
"We can't afford to pay your prices, when
We get our labor cheaper than you ask,
From men whom we have got to take your task;
And you must do your work as cheap as they,
Or take from us an unasked holiday."
The steady men protested, but in vain,
The keen men were too much engrossed in gain
To listen to their protestations fair,
Nor if they thrived or starved, they did not care;
Keen men and sharp get money any how,
And both have dollar written on their brow.
And so these men began to cut and grind,
And laboring men fared worse than had the hind.
For slaves got sustenance (such as it was),
As master's had in mind of health the laws.
But keen men only know the law of get,
And if the laborer starves, they do not fret.
And so the men grew ragged, pinched, and pale,
Who had been happy, cleanly clad, and hale,

For avarice and rum had done their work
To men who honest labor ne'er would shirk.
And as I've got to the starvation point
With men, when times with them were out of joint,
I might as well discourse of women here,
For with them times have always been severe.
In olden times they used to hold the plough
Or draw it, grind the corn, and milk the cow,
To keep the house in order, cook the food,
To draw the water, and to split the wood —
In fact what I have often heard in fun
Is true, "A woman's work is never done."
If man employs her now to stitch and sew,
The prices paid are lowest of the low,
For cause of this we have not far to seek,
She's forced to labor cheap because she's weak.
(And here, again, we must the inference draw,
As stands the text, that Might is Right by Law);
And he who should be her protector — man,
Will get from helpless woman all he can;
He makes her work for fourteen cents a day,
And tells her that she's getting too much pay
If she is in the yellow leaf and sere;
If young, some basely whisper in her ear.
I might say more, but every mortal knows
How scheming men can add to woman's woes.
There is, though, a retreat called "Boffin's Bower,"

Where she can turn in tribulation's hour,
To find a place to lay her weary head
Till she can get a chance to earn her bread.
God bless the lady of that cosy home,
Who lends a helping hand to all who come
To her in time of need and sore distress —
Oh, may her means for goodness ne'er be less,
And may her happiness, as years roll on,
Be commensurate to the good that she has done.
The only thing that I can recommend
For woman that will bring about the end
Desired, is to her suffrage give, and let
Her have the opportunity to get
By law, the same for labor she can do,
As you demand that shall be paid to you.
But ah! 't is wrong that woman weak should toil,
And dainty fingers with coarse drudgery soil.
God speed the day when every man shall please
To bring about the time her moil shall cease.
Not all the men who strive for gain are sharp,
Nor will they higgle-haggle, grind or carp;
Not all the men who "help" employ are keen,
Nor do they treat the men who feed them mean.
(Big hearted men there are who use their brain,
And "live and let live," in the strife for gain.
And what I have to say of such a man
Is, that he may get all of joy he can

In this perplexing, selfish world of ours,
Where thorns grow thick and sharp among the flowers.)
Such men mean well, but if you watch you 'll see
That business brooketh not humanity ;
For grasping men so force the prices down
That honest men who at their methods frown
Are forced to figure close to hold their trade,
And meet the prices grasping men have made.
But laboring men themselves cause much of woe
By patronizing stores that sell goods low,
For then the fair men driven to compete
With prices that the buyers make them meet,
Reduce the wages of you employees,
To get the penny that *you* carp to squeeze
From those from whom you wondrous bargains buy,
The most of which are bargains " in your eye."
So, workingmen, don't do what you condemn
In keen men, and so make yourselves like them ;
Remember that the workman of to-day
To-morrow may have employees to pay.
And if the change should come, pray don't forget
The recompense you claimed as in your debt
When you were but a working man yourself,
And thought the profit " Bosses " made was pelf;
Who toiled from morn at six to night till ten,
As is the custom with most self made men,
Until they get where irksome toil may cease,

And make their business serve them at their ease.
Who saved the larger share of what they made,
And put it into goods of honest grade,
Looked sharply to the items of the year,
And made the balance on their side appear
Each day, still adding to their well stocked store,
With always something for the honest poor.
They made the folks who were in their employ
Contented with their lot—man, woman, boy—
Bestowing on them when the year was done
A liberal share of what they all had won.
One noble man like this I have in view,
(There are, though, of such generous men but few).
Per cent. of profits this fair-minded man
Paid his employees, a judicious plan,
For by it every man was made to feel
That he was laboring for the common weal.
He furnished cottages at moderate rent,
That they might live in comfort and content,
To married men who helped accumulate
The plant and fortune which grew to be great;
The one which I describe was like the rest,
And was as cosy as a robin's nest.
Above the trellised door, with tender twine,
Trailed ivy, clematis and eglantine.
The ivy ran along the trellised wall,
And draped the windows as with curtains all.

The cot was painted white, with blinds of green,
And cheery looked, and comfortable, and clean;
It stood upon a generous piece of ground,
Four hundred feet, perhaps, it measured round.
In front a well kept lawn of brightest green
Sloped down and met the walk that ran between
Its hedge-lined sides, up to the granite stoop
Where climbing roses hung with graceful loop.
Midway the lawn, on either side a bed
Of flowers about their grateful fragrance shed.
Behind the house a well stocked garden grew,
Nursed by the workman when his task was through,
Which yielded rich reward for pleasant toil,
And fed the pot his wife kept on the boil.
Across the way from this a hovel stood,
All out of keeping with the neighborhood;
No flowers grew round this habitation mean,
Its occupant paid rent to a sharper, keen;
The shingles on the roof were in decay,
The clapboards on the sides had had their day,
The chimney tottered as 't was like to fall,
In lieu of glass a cast-off striped shawl
Protruded through a window sash, a hat,
A beaver, battered, black as a faded cat,
Did duty for another window pane
Denied by this man keen who grabbed for gain.
I 've pictured these two scenes that you may see

The difference in men that there can be,
And hope the lesson you will take to heart,
If ever you in life should get a start:
Do n't let the greed for gold your senses warp,
Till you can think of nought but cut and carp.

PART THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Laboring men must resist the encroachments of Capital, by Law. — Education. — Sobriety. — Industry. — Organization. — Arbitration. — Co-operation. — Labor. — The Ballot.

That Might is Right by law we must concede,
And that of law as yet we stand in need;
But as by law the strong oppress the weak,
So by the law they for redress must seek;
For Nature has decreed that some shall toil
As husbandmen, to fructify the soil,
That some shall delve within the fruitful earth
To bring to light the substances of worth,
And others fashion with a skillful hand
The treasures that abound in every land;
While some are planning with a figuring brain
To utilize what these produce, for gain.
With those we'd find no fault if men as share
Of what they yield could get a portion fair;
But some who hold the factories and the land
Dole out a scanty pittance to the hand
Who makes the value tenfold (when 't is done)

Of stock when he to fashion it begun.
But, laboring men, you have it in your hands
To counteract the scheming men's demands,
Who, since the days of Adam and of Eve,
Have seemed to have a penchant to deceive —
An attribute implanted in the heart
Of these called shrewd, a fitter name is smart
And I will undertake to tell to you
What, in my mind, to foil them you must do:
First, educate yourselves to understand,
As far as possible, life's problem grand;
Be temperate and industrious, that you may
Perform the task alloted day by day;
United for protection you can gain
The rights of man by aggregate of brain,
As Champions of Labor, if you stand combined
To fight the battle for all humankind;
For should the legislators slight your cause,
You are the people and can change the laws;
By ballot though this must be brought about,
Keep true men in, make demagogues go out;
In changing laws go to the fountain head
And stop the stream that has the rum fiend fed,
Then, with the gold you with his satyrs spend,
You 'll find that in a pinch will be your friend.
I crave your pardon if I now digress
And what I think of drunkenness express.

For 't is the primal cause as you must see
Why any man must fight with poverty.
(It makes a hundred thousand drunkards dead
Each year, and costs more than the nation's bread.)
And men should banish rum from out the land,
Which will enable them to make a stand
Against monopolies that grind them down,
And down, and down, and down, still ever down.
How often I 've heard men quite at their ease
Say, " I can drink or quit just as I please."
Perhaps they can, I 'm not so sure of it,
At any rate, they seldom please to quit.
Then men who never drank, to me have said
About the fool, who 'd go without his bread
To get a drink, that he could quit if he
Made up his mind to, but they fail to see,
He has no mind to make up, for his brain
Is permeated, poisoned with the bane,
And so a very slave to appetite,
He has no strength to with his master fight;
But he can beat his patient, faithful wife,
Or in a drunken frenzy take her life
And make his terror-stricken children flee
For shelter from his fierce brutality.
To see a gay young man, without a thought
That he is sowing seed that makes the sot,
Toss off his glass and sneer at drunken fool

Who graduated from the self-same school,
Is sad, because the chances are that he,
In after years, a drunken fool will be.
To see a shivering sot go scurrying by
With pallid lip and staring, bloodshot eye,
Who 's using what there 's left of mind to think
How he can find the means to get a drink
Is just as sad, because in either case
We see how rum degrades the human race.
Oh, that a fiend can in a quiet town,
In spite of woman's tears or churchman's frown,
Set up a bar and sell the liquid curse
That makes a good man bad, a bad man worse,
That puts a mortgage on the store and farm,
And brings a whole community to harm.
To you who read, this does not, as you think,
Mean some one else, but means you, if you drink.
Now having said my feeble say of rum,
Back to the labor question let us come.
Uphold the law to keep bad men in check,
Protect your homes and save the State from wreck;
And spurn the murderous Anarchists who 'd use
Your cause, to their nefarious schemes excuse;
By evolution bring about your ends,
Not revolution, which to chaos tends.
To fair men do n't dictate what they shall do,
Do n't let the sharp, keen men dictate to you;

Submit for arbitration knotty points,
Which of vexatious questions oils the joints.
And when you choose your men to arbitrate,
Choose level-headed ones, wise in debate.
Do n't send a Blacksmith to a Jeweller's shop,
For he might spoil the works, or make them stop.
A Printer knows the price for setting type,
A Plumber best can judge of fitting pipe.
Do n't " kill the goose that lays the golden egg,"
For if you do you may be forced to beg.
Protect your industries from legal slaves,
(Who in the Old World still find paupers' graves),
By duties now laid on the goods that they
Produce, for what is scarce a pauper's pay.
For if in years agone trade had been free,
You 'd not eat meat from dire necessity.
You 'd wear great hobnails in your clumsy shoes,
(Such as would make a " Yankee " have the blues),
A grizzly coat, coarse breeches with the vest,
And shirt and cap in keeping with the rest;
Your trade would be just what your father's was,
You 'd humbly take your cap off to " The Boss."
Lay something by, though small be the amount,
'T is good to have a Savings Bank account;
A dollar a week is fifty in a year,—
How easy 't is to spend that sum in beer;
Buy land and build yourself and yours a home,

You 'll go there when you feel inclined to roam;
No matter if you put a mortgage on
The house, you 'll pay it ere your race is run,
That 's what men have done nine times out of ten,
And that has made some more than laboring men.
By argument persuade, both night and day,
'T is better for them that they keep away,
Who would for "mess of pottage" fill the place
You left to benefit the human race;
Frown down the thoughtless, headstrong, wicked mob,
Who'd kill the "Scab," because he takes your job;
(A horrid name, but one he rich deserves,
Who in the struggle from his duty swerves);
For all can see, although the fact is grim,
You must accord, the right you ask, to him;
To make him see how he defeats *his* cause,
Should be your aim with due regard for laws;
And do n't forget, whatever you may do,
That Capital has rights, as well as you;
For while you toil with hands, men strive with brain
To make the most attained (with hope of gain),
Of all the products of the land and sea,
For luxury, comfort, and necessity.
And here I would digress again, to say,
Of things that seem as plain to me as day,
A man who 's sober has a right to more
Than he who down his throat will comforts pour.

A man who 's thrifty, generous, should enjoy
The comforts of this life without alloy.
And he who brings about a true reform
Deserves success and approbation warm.
In coming back now to our story's thread,
To hit the labor nail upon the head,
There 's one thing I would emphasize to you —
'T will surely cut the gordian knot in two —
Be blind not to the lesson of the hour,
You are the main-spring of industrial power,
And in *Co-operation* have the means
To be, instead of scheming men's machines,
Each one, a man — a free, untrammelled soul,
And constitute a grand harmonious whole;
Each having equal share of what you earn,
Will interested, to be heedful, learn;
Remember, though, who guides a hundred men
Makes all more thrifty than they would have been
Without the genius that directs their aim,
And earns what e'er he gets of wealth or fame.
Then every man *can* have enough of bread,
And raiment, with a roof-tree o'er his head.
Three things are necessary to this plan,
Involving all that makes a noble man.
Sobriety comes first, for muddled brain
Can never help a man to substance gain;
Be honest, and to other people do

As you 'd have other people do to you;
Then shall each laboring man by industry
Be Sovereign in Realm of Prosperity.
The private corporation "has no soul,"
'T is said; I think 't is so, upon the whole,
For if you 're cut the Overseer can say
"'T would not be so if I could have my way;
But I am ordered by the Executive Board
To "cut," and I to you must pass the word;"
And so just as in an automaton
Each wheel its part plays, till the work is done.
Then each can shirk responsibility,
And say "It is not I," "nor I," "nor me."
One soul can occupy but one man's brain
'T is clear, by that hypothesis we gain
Our point, the corporation has no soul,
So fight it, kick it, smite it, on the jowl
Till dead, then let its soulless frame be borne
To Sheol, where smart men for misdeeds must mourn.
The railroad corporation, telegraph,
And such, can at your feeble protests laugh.
They 're necessary, though, so on the whole,
Just put them under government control;
And then there 'll be no power behind the throne
To make the people 'neath its sceptre groan.
"Who gave to man the right to hold the soil,"
You ask, "and on it make his fellow toil?"

I said bold men, but I have more to say—
The situation can't be changed to-day
Unless you'd have a fratricidal fight,
Eclipsing former wars as day by night,
By ballot, though, you can in time undo
The woe that has been handed down to you
By patriarch, sovereign, prince, and nabob grand,
Usurpers of its products, and the land;
'T were better thus, than that good blood should run
To right the wrongs that scheming men have done.
'T is hard, though, that a nipping, stingy soul,
Can have God's acres so in his control,
To hold it at a price where none can buy,
And comforts to a thousand men deny.
Who would, could they but have the liberty,
Build up a flourishing community;
Though they who hold their share of land to till,
Do but accomplish God's intended will.
But something must be out of joint, I wot,
When we for song a theme like this have got.
The Knights of Capital cannot afford,
They say, to pay the prices of "The Board,"
But somehow go, about the first of May
Or June, to mountain or seashore away,
With wives and daughters with plethoric trunks,
To meet the dandy dudes or Dandidunks,
In hotel or in summer palace grand,

And feast upon the fulness of the land;
To hobnob, primp, and loll, to smile and smirk,
And live as jolly as a high-toned Turk;
Or sail away across the restless main
To England, France, or, like as not, to Spain.
The Mikado visit, or the great Tycoon —
And sigh for an excursion to the Moon;
Or cruise adown the broad Atlantic's coast,
In vessels fine, such as but wealth can boast,
So well appointed that they 're said to be,
By those who know, "The Palaces of the Sea."
Or take their blooded horses to Newport
To race, or polo play — the rich man's sport.
Or chase a half-starved fox o'er vale and hill,
With hounds — themselves, the fox, or time, to kill;
Or in their carriages look down with scorn
On those unfortunates to labor born,
Who only "Filthy Lucre" lack to get
Invited into Dandidunk's set.
Of course there's lots of men and women too,
Who blessed are for the good on earth they do,
Who "live in style," 't is proper that they should;
And who would say, "Thou shalt not," if he could?
'T is not of those we sing, but of the snobs,
Who fatten on the "pap" they get from "jobs,"
And of the spouse bedizened by the side
Of one of such (with him bepuffed with pride),

Dependent for their blood and pedigree
Upon the hard-worked, scant-paid employee.
We cannot right to-day the wrongs men wrought,
Nor take from people land which they have got;
But from the Nation's still reserved Domain,
Let every honest, thrifty man obtain
A farm to till, who is inclined that way,
And give him time enough in which to pay
Therefor, and from the revenue it yields,
Seek out the poor benighted, in the fields
And workshops, be they black or be they white,
Teach them the way to rule themselves aright;
And while I 'm on the education theme
Would it, think you, in me presuming seem
If I said, " Educate *your* boys and girls
That they may get their share of Nature's pearls?"
Give every man unbarred a chance to vote,
And have it counted. Of this make a note.
For, if a violent man can at the poll
O'erawe and keep therefrom a timid soul,
Of three polls, yours counts one while his counts two;
He makes the laws and to his nature true.
He of the harvest gets the largest half,
He takes the wheat and gives to you the chaff.
No matter where this happens 't is the same,
The man whose vote counts double " bags the game."
So, be ye vigilant on every side,

And see that this right is to none denied.
Then with the ballot in each poor man's hand,
The subtle schemes by politicians planned
Must fail, and honest-minded men will rule;
Then you will be no more the rich man's tool,
But with the honest men to make the laws
(Humanity and Equal Rights your cause)
By law protect your country's broad domain
From those who'd buy to sell it off for gain.
Do n't let the foreign lords obtain the soil,
And so exclude therefrom you Sons of Toil.
And if a dozen scheming men attempt
To buy up what true settlers might preempt,
(To form "a ring") and with it speculate,
Just let them understand that God's estate
Cannot be held with any such intent,
And so revert it back to Government.
In wool, in corn, in cattle, and in wheat,
By Law, the combinations great defeat,
And let the cold blood-sucking vampires know
That Law will lay their speculations low.
And with your starry banner all unfurled,
With "Liberty Enlightening the World,"
A beacon to the poor in every land,
Then shall in pride the Great Republic stand,
And welcome to its shores the honest men
Who in the Old World tyrant's tools have been.

But save it from oppression's filthy scum,
Who think it right to fight, drink and sell Rum.
That Might is Right by Law, we grant is true,
That Labor Conquers Everything, is too.
Oh! haste the day that shall correct the text,
And settle peacefully the questions vex't.
But till that time you can but toil and wait,
And that you may get all obtained, from fate,
Improve your minds in ways that you think best,
Be diligent, and God will do the rest.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 597 132 6